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THE

Dean's Provocation

For WRITING the

Lady's Dreſſing-Room.

A

POEM.

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P O E M.

THE

Dean's PROVOCATION

For WRITING the

DRESSING-ROOM.

THE Doctor, in a clean ſtarch'd Band,
A Golden Snuff-box in his Hand,
With Care his Diamond Ring diſplays,
And artful ſhows its various Rays;
While grave, he ſtalks down——Street,
His deareſt ——— to meet.

Long had he waited for this Hour,
Nor gain'd Admittance to the Bow'r;
Had jok'd, and punn'd, and ſwore, and writ,
Try'd all his Gallantry and Wit;
Had told her oft what part he bore,
In OXFORD's Schemes in Days of yore;
But Bawdy, Politicks, nor Satyr,
Could touch this dull hard-hearted Creature.

JENNY, her Maid, could taſte a Rhyme,
And griev'd to ſee him loſe his time,
Had kindly whiſper'd in his Ear,
For twice two Pounds you enter here;
My Lady vows without that Sum,
It is in vain you write or come.

The deſtin'd Off'ring now he brought,
And in a Paradiſe of Thought;
With a low Bow approach'd the Dame,
Who ſmiling heard him preach his Flame.
His Gold ſhe took (ſuch Proofs as theſe
Convince moſt unbelieving Shees)
And in her Trunk roſe up to lock it,
(Too wiſe to truſt it in her Pocket)

And then return'd with bluſhing Grace,
Expects the Doctor's warm Embrace.
And now this is the proper Place,
When Morals ſtare me in the Face;
And for the ſake of fine Expreſſion,
I'm forc'd to make a ſmall Digreſſion.
Alas! for wretched Human-kind,
With Wiſdom mad, with Learning blind,
The Ox thinks he's for Saddle fit,
(As long ago Friend *Horace* writ;)
And Men their Talents ſtill miſtaking,
The Stutterer fancys his is ſpeaking.
With Admiration oft we ſee,
Hard Features heighten'd by Toupet;
The Beau affects the Politician,
Wit is the Citizen's Ambition;
Poor *P*------ Philoſophy diſplays on,
With ſo much Rhyme and little Reaſon;
But tho' he preaches ne'er ſo long,
That *all is right*, his Head is wrong.
None ſtrive to know their proper Merit,
But ſtrain for Wiſdom, Beauty, Spirit.

Nature to ev'ry thing alive,
Points out the Path to ſhine or thrive,
But Man, vain Man, who graſps the whole,
Shows in all Heads a Touch of Fool;
Who loſe the Praiſe that is their due,
While they've th' Impoſſible in view.
[So have I ſeen the injudicious Heir,
To add one Window, the whole Houſe impair.]
Inſtinct the Hound does better teach,
Who never undertook to preach;
The frighted Hare from Dogs does run,
But not attempts to bear a Gun——
Here many noble Thoughts occur,
But I Prolixity abhor;
And will purſue th' inſtructive Tale,
To ſhow the Wiſe in ſome things fail.
The Rev'rend Lover, with ſurpriſe,
Peeps in her Bubbies and her Eyes,
And kiſſes both---- and tries---- and tries----
The Ev'ning in this helliſh Play,
Beſides his Guineas thrown away;

Provok'd the Prieſt to that degree,
He ſwore, *The Fault is not in me.*
Your damn'd Cloſe-ſtool ſo near my Noſe,
Your dirty Smock, and ſtinking Toes,
Would make a *Hercules* as tame,
As any Beau that you can name.

The Nymph grown furious, roar'd, by G---d,
The Blame lies all in Sixty odd;
And ſcornful, pointing to the Door,
Sai'd, " *Fumbler ſee my Face no more.*
With all my Heart, I'll go away,
But nothing done, I'll nothing pay;
Give back the Money----how, cry'd ſhe,
Would you palm ſuch a Cheat on me?
I've lock'd it in the Trunk ſtands there,
Go break it open if you dare;
For poor four Pounds to roar and bellow,
Why ſure you want ſome new Prunella?
What if your Verſes have not ſold,
Muſt therefore I return your Gold?
Perhaps you have no better Luck in
The Knack of Rhyming than of -----

I won't give back one ſingle Crown,
To waſh your Band, or turn your Gown.
I'll be reveng'd you ſawcy Quean,
(Replys the diſapointed Dean)
I'll ſo deſcribe your *Dreſſing-Room*,
The very *Iriſh* ſhall not come;
She anſwer'd ſhort, I'm glad you'll write,
You'll furniſh Paper when I Sh---e.

F I N I S.